

A Country new ligg betweene *Simon* and *Susan*, to be sung in merry  
pastime by Bachelors and Maydes. To the tune of I can, nor  
will no longer lye alope: Or, Falero lero lo.



Simon.

O mine otone sweet heart,  
and when wilt thou be true:

O when wilt the time come,  
that I shall marry you.

That I may give you kisses,  
one, two, or three,  
More sweeter then the hunny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Susan.

My father is unwilling,  
that I should marry thee:  
Yet I could wish in heart,  
that so the same might be.

For now me thinks thou seemest,  
more lonely unto me:

And frether then the Blossomes,  
that blowes vpon the Tree.

Simon.

Thy mother is most willing,  
and will consent I know,  
When let vs to thy father  
now both together goe:

Where if he give vs his good will,  
and to our match agree:

It will be sweeter then the hunny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Susan.

Come goe, for I am willing,  
and fortune be our guide:

From that tobid I haue promised,  
neare heart vs neuer shide.

If that he doe but smile,  
and I the same may see:

It is sweeter then the blossomes,  
that blowes vpon the Tree.

Simon.

But stay heere comes my mother,  
weele talke with her a while,  
I doubt not but some comfort  
to vs she may afforde:

If counte age will giue vs,  
that we the same may see,  
It will be sweeter then the hunny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Susan.

O Mother wee are going  
my father for to pray:  
That he will giue me his good will,  
for long I cannot stay.

A young man I haue chosen;  
a fitting match for me:  
More sayrer then the blossomes,  
that blowes vpon the Tree.

Mother.

Daughter thou art old enough  
to be a wedded wife,  
You Maydens are desirous  
to lead a married life.

Then my consent good Daughter,  
shall to thy wishes be:  
For young thou art as blossomes,  
that blowe vpon the Tree.

Simon.

Then goe for you are willing,  
your Daughter I should haue:  
And Susan thou art welcome,  
to hope thee fine and brave.

And haue those wished blessings  
bestowd vpon thee,  
More sweeter then the hunny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Susan.

Yet Simon I am minded  
to lead a merry life:  
And be as well maintained,  
as any City wife:

And like a gallant wittie  
or Maydens that shall bee  
More sayrer then the blossomes,  
that blowe vpon the Tree.

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and to our match agree:

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Susan.

Come goe, for I am willing,  
and fortune be our guide:

From that which I have promised,  
deare heart we neuer shide.

If that he doe but smile,  
and I the same may see:

It is sweeter then the blossomes,  
that blowes upon the Tree.

Simon.

But stay heere comes my mother,  
weele talke with her a while,  
I doubt not but some comfort  
to us she may afforde:

If could I see what you be,  
that me the same may see,  
It will be sweeter then the hunny,  
that comes from the Bee.

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my father for to pray:  
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that comes from the Bee.

Susan.

Yet Simon I am minded  
to lead a merry life:  
And be as well maintained,  
as any City wife:

And live a gallant Gentle  
or Maydens that shall see  
More sweeter then the blossomes,  
that blowe upon the Tree.

The second part,

to the same tune.



Simon.

**T**hou shalt have thy Cendles,  
before thou dost arise:

For churlishness breeds sickness  
and danger therein lies,  
Young Ladies must be chearful,  
with sweets that dayntie be,  
Farre sweeter then the honny,  
that commeth from the Bee.

Mother.

Well said good son and Daughter,  
this is the onely dget:

To please a dainty young wife,  
and keepe the house in quiet:  
But stay, heere comes your father,  
his wordes I hope will be:  
More sweeter then the blossomes,  
that bloome vpon the Tree.

Father.

Why how now Daughter Susan,  
doe you intend to marry?

Maydens in the old time,  
did twenty winters tarry:  
Now in the times no sooner,  
but you a wife will bee:  
And loose the sweetest blossomes,  
that bloomes vpon the Tree.

Susan.

It is for my preferment,  
good father say not nay:  
For I haue found a Husband kind,  
and losing enery way:  
What will vnto my fancy  
will evermore agree:  
Which is more sweet then honny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Mother.

Winder not your Daughter,  
good Husband, least you bring  
Her lower consuming sickness,  
or else a worse thing:  
Maydens youngly married  
losing wittnes will bee.



And sweet as is the honny,  
which comes from the Bee.

Simon.

God father be not cruell,  
your Daughter is mine owne:  
Her mother hath consented,  
and is to liking giuen.  
And if your selfe will giue then,  
her gentle hand to me,  
I will sweeter be then honny,  
that comes from the Bee.

Father.

God giue thee thy deare Daughter,  
there is no reason I,  
Should hinder thy proceeding,  
and thou a Mayden dye:  
And after to lead Apes in hell,  
as Maydens comed be:  
What sayest are then blossomes,  
that bloome vpon the Tree.

Simon.

Then lets to the Parson,  
and Clarke to say Amen:

Susan.

With all my heart good Simon,  
we are concluded then:  
My father and mother both,  
doe willingly agree:  
My Simon's sweet as honny,  
that comes from the Bee.

All together sing.

You Maydens and Watchelozs,  
we hope will lose no time:  
Which learne it by experience,  
That youth is in their prime,  
And dayly in their hearts desire,  
Young married folks to be:  
More sweeter then the blossomes,  
that bloome from the Tree.

FINIS.

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